Literary Reviews.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD. By Elizabeth Wetherell. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Putnam, 1852.

QUEECHY. By Elizabeth Wetherell. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Putnam, 1852.

We must apologise for uttering a truism, when we say that people will never buy what they can borrow or steal with impunity. If we suppose a case, and add that in general the quality of the merchandize offered for sale is inferior to that which anybody may appropriate, it will appear a matter of wonder that any purchasers at all can be found. This is, in one word, the condition of American literature at the present day. An enterprising publisher, who employs a London agent, can reprint the works of the first English authors almost as soon as (and, in one or two recent instances, actually sooner than) they appear in the booksellers shops in the Strand. A few dollars secure the proofsheets, and the successful literary pirate distances his rivals. For every man that reads in Britain, there are at least two who read on this continent, and buy the pirated edition. "Bleak House," for instance, which, it is expected, will give Dickens a net profit of some $75,000, will probably produce over $100,000 for the publishers in this country; and the expenses of the latter are simply the cost of paper and printing. So long as they can keep their printers occupied with works obtained at this cheap rate, and stock their shelves with similar *razzias*, how can it be expected that publishers will pay for manuscripts? We conceive that some credit is due to them for bringing out any original matter at all.

It is not our design, at present, to enter into the moral view of the question, as between the English author and the American publisher. We have no intention of entering the lists as the champion of the injured, and we must repress the natural indignation which every man feels at the sight of glaring rapine and plunder. We have to do with the matter only as it affects American literature, and we are much mistaken if this be not the view in which the iniquities of the copyright law are seen in the strongest light.

The American author goes into the market with his manuscript, the fruit of many an hour of thought, and many a night of toil; he finds Macaulay, Alison, Carlyle, Tennyson, Thackeray, Jerrold, Dickens, Smith, and a thousand others, all men equal, if not superior to himself, before him, and offering gratuitously works which are at least as promising as the one for which he asks the price of a year's labor. Messrs. Harpers, Mr. Putnam, or Messrs. Appleton remind him of the fact, and (to their credit be it said,) as they are anxious to encourage their own authors, offer him a sum which barely pays the scrivener for copying the manuscript. More they cannot afford; books are so cheap, when the mechanical portion of the labor is all that costs money: and the publisher next door is bringing out a work on the same subject, from the pen of a well known English author. The American must bow assent or remain in obscurity. He accepts, and abjures authorship or starves.

We need not recur to examples to prove this fact; it is too well known, and has been too often set prominently before the public, to need further illustration.

Nor does the obvious corollary from the proposition—that the standard of native American literature must be far below what might be expected from a nation occupying so high a position in the world as the United States—admit of controversy. When Sydney Smith prophecied that America would be engrossed with steamers, and railroads, and bridges, and cotton, and agriculture, for fifty years to come, and would be content with receiving bales of English poetry, and science and literature, by every steamer, he drew from false premises an inference which every honest American must admit to be true. America has no literature to compare with that of any foreign country occupying a rank even second to hers among nations. Criticism is unborn in the States. Stale, hacknied puffs, smacking strangely of private friendships, or less pure motives, are the wretched but invariable substitute. Her authors are often full of rich fancy and pleasing gifts; but they are weak as boarding-school girls, and so incorrect as to transgress, constantly, the simplest rules of grammar. The stimulus to exertion being taken away by the fatal rivalry of the British writers, and the fear of criticism being calmed by the consciousness that reviews and newspapers will unite in one uniform hymn of praise, a careless, slovenly style of writing, and a loose, illogical mode of thinking, are the inevitable results.

We have been wondering, for instance, what could have induced Miss (or Mrs., we really do not know which) Elizabeth Wetherell to publish the works, the titles of which we have prefixed to this article. We have been still more astonished that Mr. Putnam should have put his name and advanced his capital on such trash. We have been amazed, above all, that the rapid sale of the books should have almost gained a notoriety for their authoress.

To read four thick volumes, closely printed and pressed, crammed full of utterly commonplace stuff—the most tiresome conversation—the most trivial incidents—without a single striking scene, or well drawn character, or interesting situation, to redeem the monotony of the whole—is assuredly a punishment too severe for our bitterest foe. Will it be believed that a couple of chapters are devoted to an account of a morning's shopping by a lady—that the clerk is minutely described—that the merinos are elaborately painted, and the quantity desired deliberately measured off in our presence? On farming we have several chapters; item, several on cooking and the economy of the kitchen; item, one or two on flowers; several are little sermons, put in the popular form of question and answer, and larded with Scripture quotations, and Newton's hymns given entire. Others are miniatures, *à la* Carlo Dolci, of an impossible hero—a very Crichton—to whom nothing is difficult, and whose virtues are only equalled by his talents and his graces—just such a picture as young ladies of a romantic turn of mind love to sketch, mentally resolving they will roam the world in quest of the original. The plot is so insignificant that you might lop off half-a-dozen chapters anywhere, and their absence would hardly be noticed. It is based on the usual condiments of a lady's novel—a family in distress, a prodigy of a daughter, with the graces of Venus and the wisdom of Minerva; a helpless aunt, an imbecile uncle, and a scapegrace of a cousin; dreadful sufferings from poverty; detested suitors, who "corner" the young lady, by exhibiting between their finger and thumb a note forged by her uncle; an English Crichton, rich as Crœsus, and excellence personified, as we said, who buys up the forged note, of course, and gets the lady's heart at the three hundredth page of the second volume, leaving barely a hundred pages for billing and cooing, and preparing the wedding clothes; and nothing more that we recollect. We have spoken of "Queechy," and "The Wide, Wide World," as though they were the same work. They are not, in name, at least; but we have vainly sought for any distinguishing mark in the plot or characters. Like Byron and Scott, Miss Wetherell repeats herself. May we hope she won't do so again?

Both works contain an "infant phenomenon," o course a girl. Before Nicholas Nickleby appeared, infant phenomena were thick as mushrooms in novels and on the stage. Children in short petticoats, discoursing moral philosophy, and striking terror into doctors of divinity, were thought to be a sure card. Mothers raved about them, and pictures of "that extraordinary child, Wilhelmina," or "the wonderful Miss Evelina," were hung in every nursery. Alas! Miss Crummles was the destroyer of her race. The phenomena vanished in a twinkling, and children were content to be children, till Dickens, playfully resuscitating the monster he had slain, produced Paul Dombey. This again let loose the flood-gates of infant phenomenonism; and a host of scribblers have since given birth to children, who, like the blue-eyed goddess, spring from the brain of their father, armed *cap à pied* and crowned with the gravity of age. Miss Wetherell has a neat little brace of phenomena—Fleda and Ellen—who are equally competent to write articles for reviews, jingle poetry, do plain cooking and washing, manage a farm, preach a sermon, or flirt in a drawing room.

We notice that American novelists generally indulge themselves with a trip to Paris, and their readers with a description of the same. May we humbly suggest that the subject is not a maiden one? That people have been known to write descriptions of a voyage to Paris before the year 1852, and that some few have actually personal recollections of such a trip? Some day, we shall have a chapter in a fine duodecimo, describing a journey in the cars from the Park to Twenty-eighth street.

To conclude.—The style and grammar of their books are as bad as the conception is feeble. Well-educated people, such as Carleton, Fleda, Olurney, do not talk like western farmers; and though certain license is granted to an author in his dialogue, there is assuredly no custom or rule which can excuse vulgar, ungrammatical expressions in his narrative.

We shall be sorry if anything that we have said offend Miss Wetherell. It is not our province to speak of her otherwise than as an authoress; and we are transgressing the limits of our sphere, when we say, that unless we are much mistaken, these books reveal fine perceptions, a warm heart, and a pure spirit of Christian piety. We have, unfortunately, an unpleasant duty to perform; and however profound our respect for the personal qualities book, and not with the author, that we have to do.

Some apology, perhaps, for our want of gallantry in criticising the performance of a lady, might be expected. We can make none. In the drawing-room, by the fireside, woman is entitled to the homage of every civilized man—but when she abandons the domestic circle, to join the ranks of literature, she must be as regular at parade, and as faultless at drill, as the most hirsute specimen of the rougher sex. If she fail, she has only herself to blame, when the adjutant administers the correction due to her offence.

GEER'S HARTFORD CITY DIRECTORY FOR 1853.—Hartford: Geer.—A useful and neatly prepared little manual.

Slaveholding Neither a Wrong Nor a Sin.

BALTIMORE CITY, August 20, 1852.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Your valuable paper of last week makes the following remarks, concerning a prevailing error with Northern men of both parties:—

> We have to remark, in conclusion, that with both parties in the North, and among the soundest men of both parties—whigs and democrats—there has been too much temporizing and truckling to the unclean spirit of abolition and free soil, in all our elections, general and local, but particularly in our local elections. We doubt whether there is a single politician in the North—whig or democrat—that will have the moral courage or has that practical common sense information, to proclaim, openly and above board, the morality and the humanity of the Southern institution of slavery. There is scarcely a public journal in the North, excepting the NEW YORK HERALD, that has had the independence or sagacity to adopt this practical view of the subject. Our view of Southern slavery is, that it is an institution consistent alike with the dictates of humanity and the principles of morality. And such is our view of the Fugitive Slave law. The Southern slave is insured against starvation or the almshouse. He and his family have a lien for their support upon their master's estate, while they live. Africa, Hayti, and Jamaica, prove that Cuffee cannot get along without a master. Left to himself, he rapidly deteriorates back again to the savage cannibal. In the same community with the white man, there is for the negro no other relation of happiness or safety to either race, than that of dependence and submission. The institution of slavery in the South, then, being the only system adapted to the harmony of both races in the same community, we maintain that it is consistent with humanity and morality, common sense, the Bible, St. Paul and the constitution.

The justness of all these observations must be felt and acknowledged by all men in this latitude. There has been, and yet is, too much yielding on the part of Northern democrats, as well as whigs, to what is termed the anti slavery prejudices of the non-slaveholding States. Nearly all say, "we dislike slavery in the abstract—we think it wrong, and would remove it, if we could; but we are opposed to interfering with it because of the deplorable consequences that will follow." Not one man will stand up and vindicate slavery as a moral right. Not one will boldly stand up and proclaim it an institution of divine sanction. This is no way to fight abolitionism—a far greater moral wrong than slavery. Like yourselves, I choose the Bible as my platform, and, on the faith of what is contained in the holy book, I proclaim abolitionism to be one of the greatest sins of which any man, professing Christian or otherwise, can be guilty. I say that slavery, such as now exists in the United States, existed by sanction of the Almighty, thousands of years ago, and that in no instance was that institution visited with his displeasure. As it has always been a practice with me to prove everything as I pass along, I must here call the attention of your readers to the following, from the fourteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of the book of Genesis:—"And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house—three hundred and eighteen—and pursued them unto Dan."

The persons pursued unto Dan were the captors of Abram's brother, and the pursuers were his "trained servants, born in his own house." Abram was, therefore, a large slaveholder, for his servants were "trained and born in his own house." This is proof that they were his property, because hired servants are never born in the house of the man who employs them. But to remove all doubt about Abram's being a slaveholder, let me here introduce the thirteenth and twenty-third verses of the seventeenth chapter of the book of Genesis:—

"And God said unto Abraham, he that is born in thy house, and he that is bought with thy money, must needs be circumcised; and my covenant shall be in your flesh for an everlasting covenant."

"And Abraham took Ishmael his son, and all that were born in his house, and all that were bought with his money, every male among the men of Abraham's house, and circumcized the flesh of their foreskin on the self same day, as God had said unto him."

There can be no mistake about this. Here is the proof that Abraham had slaves of his own raising, and others bought with his money, just as is the case with slaveholders of the present day. Well, was Abraham censured by his Divine Master, for thus dealing in human souls as he did in cattle, as the abolitionists express it? I find no such thing in the record. On the contrary, the proof is in every page of that book that Abraham enjoyed God's special confidence, and received numerous favors from his hands. I will now give your readers one or two of these proofs. Accordingly, I will quote first, the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th verses of the 22d chapter of the book of Genesis:—

"And the Angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of Heaven the second time:

"And said, by myself hath I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son;

"That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the Heaven, and as the sand upon the sea shore, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.

I should be pleased to hear what Messrs. Seward, Johnston, Greeley, Stevens, Weed, Wade, Sumner, Chase, Hale, and other abolitionists, have to say to this. I have not only proven that Abraham was a very large slaveholder—having servants bought with his money, and servants of his own raising—but that God blessed him, and promised that, in his seed, all the nations of the earth should be blessed. It follows, then, that the institution of slavery among the children of Israel, was not offensive in the sight of God, because He gave no instructions to Abraham, or his descendants, to emancipate them. He did not see any moral wrong in it, or proclaim that it would, at any time, prove a curse to that people. Slavery, as we find it existing in the United States, appears to be precisely like that prevailing in the days of Abraham; and yet our abolitionists undertake to denounce what God appeared not only to have tolerated, but to have authorized. In substantiation of this last word, you must here permit me to quote the following passages from the twenty-fifth chapter of the book of Leviticus:—

"I am the Lord, your God, which brought you forth out of the land of Egypt, to give you the land of Canaan, and to be your God."

"And if thy brother that dwelleth by thee be waxen poor and be sold unto thee, thou shalt not compel him to serve as a bond servant.

"But as an hired servant and as a sojourner, he shall be with thee, and shall serve thee unto the year of jubilee.

"And then shall he depart from thee, both he and his children with him, and shall return unto his own family, and unto the possession of his fathers shall he return.

For they are my servants, which I brought forth out of the land of Egypt—they shall not be sold as bondmen.

Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you: of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids.

Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession.

And ye shall take them, as an inheritance, for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession: they shall be your bondmen for ever."

Now, here we have a distinction made between a hired servant and a bond servant, which is proof enough that the latter means a slave, as we now understand the term. Moreover, if we examine Webster's dictionary, we will find that bond-man means a man slave, and bond-woman a woman slave. No man or woman, however, of common sense, will deny that these terms mean slaves, otherwise authority to buy them would not have been given to the children of Israel.

The words above quoted from the 25th chapter of the Book of Leviticus, are a part of the sayings of the Lord unto Moses in Mount Sinai; in other words, they constitute a part of God's instructions to him. From those instructions it appears that the Children of Israel were authorized to buy their own poor, and hold them in a sort of bondage for a term of years, in addition to buying bondmen and bondwomen of the heathen round about them, and the strangers sojourning among them. The conditions exacted of them were that they "should not rule with rigor over their brethren," but allow them fair wages until the price paid for them should have been redeemed. Of the heathen and the strangers they were authorized to "buy bondmen and bond maids," as a possession for themselves and their children after them," and to hold them as their "bondmen for ever."

Now, unless the editors of the New York *Tribune* and *Evening Post* can prove that God afterwards revoked this authority, or that St. Paul did not direct servants to obey their masters—and, having "masters," they were slaves of course—I am justified in saying that the institution of slavery, as we find it existing in our Southern States, has received the Divine sanction. The passages which I have quoted above make this clear to every man's mind; and there is nothing on record to show that the Son of God, our Saviour, uttered one word in condemnation of the institution during His pilgrimage on the earth. According to the authority conferred upon the children of Israel by their Divine Lord and Master, there is no sin committed in buying slaves of the African race, and holding them as our possession. They are as essentially heathens as any people that lived round about the Children of Israel, and stand in quite as much need, no doubt, of the civilizing influences that are connected with their enslavement. If slavery was no abomination in the sight of God, and if it brought no curse, according to the record, upon the Children of Israel, I see not how Messrs Seward, Greeley, Hale, and Chase, can discover any wrong about it, or for what reason they need apprehend any evil to our nation from it. They can find no "higher law" than the authority of the Great Jehovah, and His law is in favor of slavery.

Such being the case, I marvel that any man in the non-slaveholding States (whig or democrat), should yield an inch to the abolitionists and free soilers, who denounce slavery and seek its extinction. With such a platform to stand upon as the Bible affords them, they can denounce abolitionism as a sin, and one of the very worst sins too of which any mortal can be guilty. To denounce or oppose slavery, conducted upon benign and humane principles, is to bring them into direct collision with God's instructions to Moses; and to "execrate and spit upon" that part of the whig or democratic platform which secures the restoration of fugitive slaves to their owners, is to scoff at and make a mockery of God's law. With such a platform to stand upon as the 25th chapter of the Book of Leviticus, every good man can prove abolitionism to be a sin against Heaven of the highest grade, and justly hold up every abolitionist and free soiler to the execration of the people. Why, then, should any candidate for public favor in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Ohio, or elsewhere, truckle to the unchristian spirit of abolitionism and free soilism, and gratify that God-condemned faction so much as to say, that the fugitive slave law is "opposed to humanity and moral right." Instead of doing this, let them bid the hypocritical abolitionist that defiance which they deserve. Let them take the constitution first, and prove that abolitionism is virtual treason to their country; and let them take the Bible next, and prove that abolitionism is in violation of God's authority, and should emanate only from open-mouthed infidels. If the Bible is not a fiction or a fable, I contend that no man can reverence God and be an abolitionist at the same time—no man can claim to be a Christian whilst he hesitate to denounce it. When we make war upon slavery, we set ourselves above our Great Creator, and profess to know more than He does, and to be far righteous than He. He has sanctioned and authorized slavery, and the proof I have already given. That proof I defy all the Greeleys, Sewards, Hales and Chases in the universe, to weaken in the slightest degree.

A SOUTHERN MAN,
But not a Slaveholder.

The Catholic Test in the Presidential Election.

[From the Boston Pilot, Sept. 4.]

There is not, in all America, we believe, a man more hostile to Catholicity than Horace Greeley. There is not a worse paper than the *Tribune*. For four years, down to the month of June last, when Scott and Pierce were nominated, the *Tribune* preserved its anti Catholic character. It preserves that character yet, in every respect save one. It does not openly attack Catholicity by name. It would not, for all the world, give utterance to a word in disparagement of anything said or done by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, or by any bishop in America. And it publishes most moving appeals in behalf of the Catholics of New Hampshire. Now this trick is stale. It is true that, were it not for the vigilance and independence of the Catholic press, many voters might be bagged and tossed in at the polls. But the impudence of these politicians, and the insult upon the understanding of Catholics were too great to be allowed to pass. The end of it will be that Greeley, in trying to serve his party, will have done it great harm. He does it injury in other ways, as we shall see hereafter. What we have heretofore said of the duty of the democratic party, with reference to the wretched gang that has possessed the *Democratic Review* may be said of the set that possess the *Tribune*. These men inflict incalculable injury upon their party, and the sooner they are turned out of doors, the better will it be for the country. They must be turned out one day, and the work may as well be done now. Notwithstanding the disguise of party name, and of party slang, it is easy to see that the free soilers, the *Democratic Review* fanatics, and Greeley, really belong to one faction. Wait a few years, and see if they be not fighting under the same banner.

The other reason which moved us to expose this trick was as follows. We Catholics, nowadays, understand our own interests, and can take care of ourselves. We have a hierarchy, a numerous body of priests, an imposing list of influential laymen, and a press made up of fourteen papers, all zealous, united, watchful and fearless. Now, not one complaint or objection against Gen Pierce, in consequence of New Hampshire bigotry, came from any of these sources, exponents or defenders of Catholic authority and of Catholic interests. No ecclesiastical voice was raised, of course. No paper opposed him. This silence of the Catholic press is the more valuable, inasmuch as not one of the Catholic papers is a party journal. (We do not consider the *Truth Teller*, of course, much less the *Irish American*.) No Catholic paper, that we know of, has written a line directly advocating the election either of Pierce or Scott. Only four laymen, we believe, in the United States, have expressed an opinion that Catholic interests would or could be in any possible way injured by the election of the New Hampshire candidate. Catholic citizens, therefore, may be regarded as of the unanimous opinion that Catholic interests are in no way affected by the present political issues. They have not entered, therefore, as Catholics, into the political arena—they have only interfered to prevent party hacks from dragging them, as Catholics, into that arena without cause.

Very well. If Catholics are satisfied, who has a right to complain? It is a most curious fact that our champions, in a fight which we neither got up, encouraged nor cared for, are Protestants, and some of them deadly enemies to Catholicity. Had this happened years ago, when Catholics were few, and voters fewer, perhaps their honesty would be less liable to suspicion. But now, when we are a fifth of the population, when our vote is strong, when we have a position and a stake in the country, when our papers are numerous and independent, this misbegotten love of popery, on the part of the enemies of catholicity, is a queer thing. The votes and the close elections explain it all.

W. E. Robinson is one of these suddenly converted friends of popish rights. Our neighbor of the *Post*, in common with some other papers, was mistaken in supposing that Robinson is a Catholic. He is not. He has no right or title of any sort to speak for us. We can speak for ourselves; and the fact that we have said nothing is sufficiently strong evidence that, in this Presidential election, there is nothing to be said. If we needed advocates, we would not go to Mr. Robinson. In saying this, we do not intend the remotest disparagement to his character as a private individual, for we know nothing of him in that capacity, and, if we did, we would not say anything. But he is a party hack—worse, a party hack selected for driving in dirty weather. A party hack is a man engaged to do dirty work for a party—there are several in both parties; perhaps, like spies, they are necessary evils; perhaps the party leaders, especially the gallant and honorable standard bearers, Pierce and Scott, may repeat, with reference to these hacks, the language of Cromwell and say—"I love the treason, but I abhor the traitor." Such characters, above all others in political life, excite our abhorrence and disgust. Hence we cannot express our contempt for a long lecture, published by Mr. Robinson in the *Tribune*, in which he laments, weeps, and howls over the condition of the Catholic voters in New Hampshire, of which there were none twenty five years ago, and but a very few now. Why did he not lament, weep, and howl over the poor men of North Carolina, (Graham's State,) who are disqualified by law on account of their not holding property? Because, like a keener, he has engaged to cry on the other side. This lecture has been printed at the *Tribune* office, and Greeley offers it for sale at a nominal price, in order to secure a wide circulation for it at the West, for here, at the North and East, it is of no use. Neither is it of much use at the West, for the Catholic press, a higher authority, for Catholics than Mr. Robinson, has settled the matter also there. We did intend to review this lecture, but we give it up, in utter weariness. It would occupy more than a page of our paper, in close type, and a review of it would fill three or four pages more. A falsehood told in three words, frequently requires twenty for its examination. We care less for it, as the New Hampshire question, so far as it affects Catholics, has been thoroughly discussed in our columns, and we have no wish to repeat what we have said when other topics, claiming attention, press so closely upon our space.

Domestic Intelligence.

An aged man by the name of Alexander Wade, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, leaped from the third story of the Washington House, Cincinnati, on the 5th inst., and was so much injured that it is doubted whether he will recover.

Thomas Shannon, who was tried in Harrison county, Ky., some time ago, and found guilty of killing a man in Cynthiana, was hung near that place on Saturday last. An immense concourse of people were present.

About forty deaths from cholera have lately occurred at a village in Indiana, called Bonapus. At Potosi and Lexington, Mo., the disease still rages, and a number of prominent citizens have died.

A dead body, very far advanced in decomposition, was picked up at President's Island last Friday. From the appearance, the body was supposed to be that of a German emigrant, who had, doubtless, fallen overboard from a steamer.

In consequence of a difficulty between the lessee of the ferry at Albany and the city authorities, the boats have been laid up, and the communication between Albany and Greenbush suspended.

In Alenheim, N. Y., near the mouth of the East Canada Creek, the corpse of Archibald Van Allen was found on the 6th inst., by workmen engaged upon the railroad. He had been missing on a carouse for almost a week previous. The wife of the deceased was drowned, some two years since, in attempting to ford the Mohawk river

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION

FOR THE

DEVELOPEMENT AND ELEVATION OF FEMALES

The Syracuse Platform,

&c., &c., &c.

First Day.

SYRACUSE, September 8, 1852.

MORNING SESSION.

The rally of the women for their rights, to-day, was very respectable—far superior to the whig meetings in New York—exhibiting a thousand times the amount of enthusiasm and sincerity. In the fore noon the building was not so well filled as a similar one was last year at Worcester, but still the numbers were great, considering that there are three days of the convention to run, and that the morning was chiefly occupied in the organization. The same orators were present as in former years. Mrs. Roze, Miss Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Nichols, Vermont; Rev. A. Brown, (feminine gender), Mrs. Davis, Providence, R I; Mrs. Oakes Smith, Miss Sarah Miller, doctor of medicine, Rev. Samuel J. May, &c. But the fiery orator from Ohio, Mrs. Coe, who played such havoc among mankind last year, was greatly missed this time, also friend Channing, but his loss was made up for by Rev. Samuel J. May and Gerrit Smith, Mr. James Mott, husband of Lucretia, and two or three other old respectable gentlemen. The ladies enumerated above are, some of them, very fascinating (we must not be so ungallant as to say anything of the "plain" ones), and they were all dressed in the highest style of fashion. Besides these there was a new accession of very pretty girls from every point of the compass. To deny such agents their rights would be the height of cruelty. There can be no doubt that many young men who came to laugh lost their hearts before they went away. It is said that there conventions, just like the Phalanx, are remarkable for getting the girls married, who, though they say so much of the wrongs inflicted by hard-hearted man, have no such objection after all to take husbands for "better for worse" It is worthy of remark that this time "the bloomers" have almost totally disappeared from the convention. I saw only two, and one of them was a lady who was considerably on the wrong side of her "teens," and evidently wished to be taken for a little rosebud of "sweet fifteen" She could not be less than double that age. She had her hair cut short like a child; but the effect was rather ludicrous than otherwise. It is also worthy of remark, that not a single person of color was present. This was not the case formerly.

There are all sorts of influences used, to induce the convention to go for Scott. Greeley, it is understood, has promised, as a *quid pro quo*, the support of the *Tribune*, to such an extent as it was never given before. Seward too, has his agents at work with the *corps de reserve*, and it is very likely that they will give their support to old Chippewa. Some of them think he is entirely too old for a ladies man, and would prefer a younger and fresher individual of the masculine gender; but the majority seem to like him with all his faults and "fuss and feathers." They say he comes beyond all comparison, nearer to their views on slavery than Pierce, and that such a man cannot but have the true notions about woman's rights. Perhaps tomorrow will tell more on the subject.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs Paulina W. Davis, of Providence, R I, taking the chair, *pro tem*, which she did as chairman of the Central Committee. Rev. S. J. May, then offered a devout prayer for the success of women's rights.

Miss Lucy Stone, as secretary *pro tem*, then read the following call of the convention:—

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A NATIONAL CONVENTION, SEPTEMBER 8TH, 9TH AND 10TH, AT SYRACUSE.

The National Woman's Rights Convention, held at Worcester, October 22d and 23d, 1851, adjourned to meet in Syracuse, September 8th, 9th and 10th, 1852. The friends of equality, justice and truth, are earnestly invited to assemble there at that time, to discuss the important question of reform, technically termed Woman's Rights. We propose not only to review the past and consider the present, but to mark out new and broader paths for the opening future. The time has come, not merely for the examination and discussion of woman's social, civil and religious rights, but also for a thorough and efficient organization—a well digested plan of operation, whereby those sacred rights for which our fathers and mothers fought, bled and died, may be secured and enjoyed by us. Let woman no longer stupidly endure those evils she may escape, but with her own right hand carve out for herself a higher, nobler destiny, than has heretofore been hers. Inasmuch as through the folly and imbecility of woman the race is what it is, dwarfed in mind and body, and as through her alone it can yet be redeemed, all are equally interested in the objects of the convention. We, therefore, solemnly urge those men and women who desire and look for the developement and elevation of the race, to be present at the coming convention, and aid us by the wisdom of their counsels. Our platform will, as ever, be free to all who are capable of discussing the subject with seriousness, candor, and truth. On behalf of the Central Committee—

ELIZABETH C. STANTON.	LUCY STONE.
PAULINA W. DAVIS.	SAMUEL J. MAY.
WM H. CHANNING.	GERRIT SMITH.

MISS STONE, in commenting on this document, said she hoped every one present would say something; every body had a thought—a feeling—and what she wanted was, that it be expressed. Even if it was adverse, she wished that every one would speak his or her mind freely. Some women's voices were never heard beyond the fireside, and this was the reason, she supposed, they did not vote, and speak out as they ought. She thought they did not speak up strong enough in voting for her (Laughter.) But they were only beginning, and the voice, like everything else, would improve by time.

The PRESIDENT then read a letter from G. W. Johnston, of Buffalo, enclosing $10, and asserting for women an equal right with men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

SEVERAL VOICES.—Is that from a man or a woman?

The PRESIDENT.—It is from a lady who has control over her own purse. (Laughter.)

The following letter was then read from Horace Greeley. It was not in his own handwriting, but copied by a clerk, with a note at the top in his handwriting:—"Copied for legibility's dear sake:"—

NEW YORK, September 1, 1852.

My Friend—I have once or twice been urged to attend a convention of the advocates of woman's rights; and though compliance has never been within my power, I have a right to infer that some friends of the cause desire sugestions from me, with regard to the best means of advancing it. I, therefore, venture to submit some thoughts on that subject.

To my mind, the bread problem lies at the base of all the desirable and practicable reforms which our age meditates. Not that bread is intrinsically more important to man than temperance, intelligence, morality, and religion; but that it is essential to the just appreciation and healthful acquisition of all these. Vainly do we preach the blessings of temperance to human beings cradled in hunger, and suffering, at intervals, the agonies of famine; idly do we commend intellectual culture to those whose minds are daily racked with the dark problem, "How shall we procure food for the morrow." Morality, religion, are but words to him who fishes in gutters for the means of sustaining life, and crouches behind barrels in the street for shelter from the cutting blasts of a winter's night.

Before all questions of intellectual training, or political franchises for women—not to speak of such a trifle as costume—do I place the question of enlarged opportunities for work of a more extended and diversified field of employment. The silk culture and manufacture, firmly established and thriftily prosecuted to the extent of our home demand for silk, would be worth everything to American women. Our now feeble and infantile Schools of Design should be encouraged with the same view. A wider and more prosperous developement of our manufacturing industry will increase the demand for female labor, thus enhancing its average reward, and elevating the social position of women. I trust the future has, therefore, much good in store for the less muscular half of the human race.

But the reform here anticipated should be inaugurated in our several homes. I know how idle is the expectation of any general and permanent enhancement of the wages, of any class or condition, above the level of equation of supply and demand; yet it seems to me that the friends of woman's rights may wisely and worthily set the example of paying juster prices for female assistance in their households than those now current. If they would but resolve never to pay a capable, efficient woman, less than two thirds the wages paid to a vigorous effective man, employed in some corresponding vocation, they would very essentially aid the movement now in progress for the general recognition and concession of equal rights to women. Society is clearly unjust to women in according them but four to eight dollars per month for labor equally repugnant with, and more protracted than that of men of equal intelligence and relative efficiency, whose services command from ten to twenty dollars per month. If, then, the friends of woman's rights could set the world an example of paying for female service, not the lowest pittance which stern necessity may compel the defenceless to accept, but an approximately fair and liberal compensation for the work actually done, as determined by a careful comparison with the recompense of other labor. I believe this would give their cause an impulse which could not be permanently resisted. With profound esteem, yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Providence, R. I.

Another letter was then read from an English lady, Mrs. Hugo Reed, the substance of which was, that it was easier for women to get their rights in America, where there was so much liberty, and where women were so much respected, than it was for European women to succeed in the same object, degraded as they were in common with so many men who were deprived of political franchises.

Miss LUCY STONE took the very opposite of this view, and said they would have a far better prospect of success, if one half the men were deprived of their rights; for then both men and women would battle together till successful. But now, men looked down upon women, and considered themselves the taller sex, and it was rather from a feeling of gallantry, than from a sense of right, that they lent any countenance to this movement. If the time permitted, she would say something in reference to Horace Greeley's idea of "bread" being the one thing needful. It was the souls of women that were starved, rather than their bodies.

The list of permanent officers was here reported, upon which Lucretia Mott objected to herself being President, but it was no use, as her own and her husband's vote were the only two against her. Mrs Mott suggested Mrs. Oakes Smith for President.

The PRESIDENT then invited every person present to speak freely, for or against any propositions that might be made, and proceeded to address the assembly herself. She said the honor conferred upon her was so unexpected, that she was not prepared with anything like a regular address. She hoped they would all move on without egotism, or thinking too much of themselves. At the same time, let them lay aside all embarrassment, and pray for the great cause of woman's rights as best they may. The convention had hitherto been signally successful. Many who went to scoff remained to pray, being convinced of the dignity and propriety of the women of this convention. Respect was generally paid to them in the papers, and in the localities where the conventions were held, there was very little disposition to ridicule them. When they embarked in the cause, they expected some ridicule. Therefore, it was with deep gratification that they observed so much seriousness and attention from those outside. She hoped they would cooperate in the same way still, and not only so, but that the good cause would spread to other lands, and all the results anticipated from it be realized. She had to request that they would address and face the audience, and not the chair, and that they fix their eye upon the person in the most distant part of the house. There is a necessity for women, whose voice is naturally weak, and still weaker for want of exercise, to speak loud. In advocating women's rights, let them remember that human rights—universal rights—defined, and comprehended women's rights. She would, therefore, be glad the Committee would offer resolutions independent of the Central Committee. She concluded by requesting the Vice-President to come forward and face the audience, which they immediately did.

A Business Committee was then nominated to draw up, receive, and consider resolutions.

Meantime the following address was read and adopted:—

ADDRESS.

The question is repeatedly asked, by those who have thought but little upon the subject of woman's position in society—"What does woman want more than she now possesses already? Is she not beloved, honored, guarded, cherished? Wherein are her rights infringed, or her liberties curtailed?"

Glowing pictures have been drawn of the fitness of the present relations of society, and of the beauty of woman's dependence upon the protecting love of man, and frightful visions have been evoked of the confusion and perversion of nature which would occur, if the doctrine of the equal rights of man and woman was once admitted.

The idea seems to prevail that movements for the elevation of woman, arise, not from the legitimate wants of society, but from the vague restlessness of unquiet spirits; not from the serene dictates of wisdom, but from the heading impulses of fanaticism.

We came not here to argue the question of the relative strength of intellect in man and woman, for the reform which we advocate depends not upon its settlement.

We place not the interests of woman in antagonism to those of her brother, for

"The woman's cause is man's:
They rise or sink together,
Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

We maintain not that woman should lose any of that refinement and delicacy of spirit which, as a celestial halo, ever encircles the pure in heart.

We contend not that she shall become noisy and dictatorial, and abjure the quiet graces of life.

We claim not that she, any more than her brother, should engage in any vocation or appear in any situation to which her nature and abilities are not fitted.

But we ask, for her, as for man, equality before the law, and freedom to exercise all her powers and faculties, under the direction of her own judgment and volition.

When a woman dies, leaving behind her a husband and children, no appraisers come into the desolate home to examine the effects; the father is the guardian of his offspring; the family relation is not invaded by law. But when a man dies the case is entirely different; in the hour of the widow's deep distress, strangers come into the house to take an inventory of the effects, strangers are appointed to be the guardians of her children, and she, their natural care-taker thenceforth has no legal direction of their interests; strangers decide upon the propriety of the sale of the property—earned, perhaps, by her own and her husband's mutual efforts—and her interest in the estate is coolly designated as the "widow's incumbrance!"

In the extremity of her bereavement there is piled upon her, not only the dread of separation from her children, but that of being sent homeless from the spot where every object has been consecrated by her tenderest affections.

Nor is the practical working of this law better than its theory; all over the country there are widows who have been made doubly desolate by its provisions—widows separated from their children, who, if they could have had the disposal of their own and their husband's mutual property, might have retrieved their circumstances, and kept the household band together.

We ask for such change in public sentiment as shall procure the repeal of this oppressive law.

We ask that woman shall have free access to vocations of profit and honor, the means of earning a livelihood and independence for herself! As a general rule, profitable employments are not considered open to woman, nor are her business capabilities encouraged and developed by systematic training. Gloomy must be the feelings of the father of a family of young daughters when he is about to bid farewell to the world if he leave them without the means of pecuniary support. His sons may go out into society and gain position and competence; but, too often, they are left with repressed and crippled energies to pine and chafe under the bitter sense of poverty and dependence.

Their pursuits are to be determined not by their inclination, judgment, and ability, but by the popular estimate of what is proper and becoming. In Turkey public delicacy is outraged if a woman appears unveiled beyond the walls of the harem; in America a sentiment no less arbitrary prescribes to woman the precise boundaries of womanly propriety; and she who ventures to step beyond them, must do it at the peril of encountering low sneers, coarse allusions, and the withering imputation of want of feminine delicacy.

Even for the same services woman generally receives less than man. The whole tendency of our customs, habits and teaching, is to make her dependent—dependent in outward circumstances, dependent in spirit.

As a consequence of her fewer resources, marriage has been to her the great means of securing position in society. Thus it is that this relation—which should ever be a "holy sacrament"—the unbiassed and generous election of the free and self-sustained being, too often is degraded into a mean acceptance of a shelter from neglect and poverty!

We ask that woman shall be trained to unfold her whole nature; to exercise all her powers and faculties.

It is said that the domestic circle is the peculiar province of woman, that "men are what mothers make them." But how can that woman who has herself no life self-culture and self-developement, who knows not her own powers, how can she make them, who has never learned how to imbue her children with lofty aspiration, or train her sons to a free and glorious manhood? She best can fulfil the duties of wife and mother, who is fitted for other and varied usefulness.

The being who lives for one relation only, cannot possess the power and scope which are requisite for the highest excellence even in that one. If the whole body is left without exercise, one arm does not become strong; if the tree is stunted in its growth, one branch does not into surpassing luxuriance.

That woman whose habits and mental training enable her to assist and sustain her husband in the hour of difficulty, and whose children rely on her as a wise counsellor, commands a life-long reverence far deeper than that which is bestowed on transient accomplishments, or the most refined and delicate imbecility!

All women are not wives and mothers, but all have spirits needing developement, powers that grow with their exercise.

Those who are best acquainted with the state of society, know that there is at this time, a vast amount of unhappiness among women for want of free scope for their powers; that thousands are yearning for fuller developement, and a wider field of usefulness. The same energies which in man find vent in the professions, and in the thousand forms of business and study, must find an ennobling channel in woman, else they will be frittered away in trifles, or turned into instruments to prey upon their possessor.

To follow the empty round of fashion, to retail gossip and scandal, to be an ornament in the parlor or a mere drudge in the kitchen, to live as an appendage to any human being, does not fill up nor satisfy the capacities of a soul awakened to a sense of its true wants, and the far-reaching and mighty interests which cluster around its existence.

We protest against the tyranny of that public sentiment which assigns any arbitrary sphere to woman.

God has made the happiness and developement of His creatures to depend upon the free exercise of their powers and faculties. Freedom is the law of beauty, written by His fingers upon the human mind, and the only condition upon which it can attain to its full and harmonious expansion. It is the breath of life to the soul, expanding it into its natural and beautiful proportions.

It is recognized, in reference to man, that his judgment, opportunities and abilities are the proper measure of his sphere. "The tools to him who can use them." But when woman is in question, people fear to trust the application of the same principles are not trusted in their application to woman, lest, forsooth, she should lose her feminine characteristics, and, like the lost Pleiad, forsake her native sphere!

It is not to be forgotten that the laws of nature will not be suspended: that the human mind, when released from pressure, like water, must find its own level; that woman must have her nature, and must be what she is; that if we are left free to obey the inward attractions of our being that we shall not stray from our true orbit, nor trespass upon our God appointed orbits.

We ask that none shall dare to come in between woman and her Maker, and with unhallowed hands attempt to plant their shallow posts and draw their flimsy cords around the wide-stretching sphere of an immortal spirit!

We maintain that God has not so failed in his adaptations as to give powers to be wasted, talents to be wrapped in a napkin; and that the possession of faculties and capacities is the warrant of nature, the command of the All-Wise for their culture and exercise.

We believe that the woman who is obeying the convictions of her own soul, and who is in her own true sphere, with her employment, is seen in her own true sphere; be her post at home she is training her children to nobleness and virtue, or whether as a physician by the bed of sickness and sorrow—whether with Elizabeth Fry she is penetrating the gospel of glad tidings to the dwellers in prison, or like the Italian, Lauri Bassi, is filling a professor's chair and expounding philosophy to admiring and instructed listeners.

While we demand for woman a more complete physical, intellectual and moral education as the means of strengthening and beautifying her own nature, and of ennobling the whole race, we also ask for a more elevated standard of excellence and moral purity in man; we maintain that if there is any place of resort or employment in society, which necessarily would sully the delicacy of woman's spirit, in that, man also must be contaminated and degraded.

Woman indeed should never abate her, wherever she moves, the protecting investment of innocence and purity; but not less is it requisite that he who is the companion of her life, should guard his spirit with the same sacred and beautiful covering.

We believe that woman as an accountable being cannot innocently merge her individuality in that of her brother or accept from him the limitation of her sphere.

In all life's great extremities she is thrown upon her inward resources, and stands alone. Man cannot step in between her and the "accusing angel" of her own conscience; alone in the solitude of her spirit she must wrestle with her own sorrows; none can walk for her "the valley of the shadow of death." When her brother shall be able to settle for her her accountabilities, and "give to God a ransom for her soul," then, and not till then, may she rightly commit to him the direction of her powers and activities.

We ask, in fine, for the application of the fundamental principles of Christianity and republicanism to this, as to all other questions of vital importance; and appealing to all who desire the progression and happiness of the whole race, we ask the magnanimous men and true women, to examine this subject in the spirit of a generous and candid investigation.

MRS. NICHOLS, of Vermont, said, in reference to woman's sphere, it had been laid down invariably that woman had a sphere different from man. This could not be sustained philosophically, or in point of fact. It was maintained, also, that man was woman's head, and she was his helper. If this be so, then they belong to the same sphere. The theory thus upsets itself. It was not because they wanted to be men, or to invade men that they went forward in this work. The two sexes were part of a whole, and what is done by only one is imperfectly done. (Great laughter among some wags.) If woman had been permitted to co-operate with man in forming creeds and laws, there would be more justice in them. Justice is but love in a chronic state. Representation is necessary for free government, and taxation without it is tyranny. But this principle was violated in woman's regard, though their fathers had fought and bled for it so many years ago. Woman was permitted to vote in banks and railroad corporations, because her money could not be got any other way. (Applause.) She begged they would not applaud—it interrupted her. She had a faculty of reading the human face divine, and she saw their sympathy. That was sufficient. If there is any thing rowdyish in elections, that is unfit for women's presence—though the elections in Vermont are generally held in the churches—why, let the women assemble on a different day and deposit their ballots. With regard to offices, there are 122 women in the post office to day, without reproach from man or woman—even those who say that the ladies of this convention want the unmentionables. (Applause.)

The PRESIDENT—I think the speaker is in some respects the victim of her own theology. She has admitted that man is the head of the woman.

MRS. NICHOLS—(smart as a flash of lightning)—I always admit a theory that upsets itself. You know I am a politician. (Great laughter.)

The PRESIDENT—Another objection to your speech is, that you infer the morality of woman is superior to that of man. All we ask is equality.

MRS. NICHOLS—The superiority of the woman is the result of her persecution. I do not claim it on the ground of nature, but in point of fact. (Great applause.)

MRS. OAKES SMITH then reported the resolutions forwarded to you by telegraph.

The Convention then adjourned till the afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Afternoon Session opened at 2 o'clock, and the hall was densely filled.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, who displays a magnificent bust and a dignified person, then proceeded to address the meeting.

MR. JAMES MOTT said she spoke in too low a tone to be heard.

MRS. SMITH said she was sorry for that, though the charge was unusual. If the audience would only keep still she could be easily heard. Woman's voice was heard rather by its penetrating, sympathetic quality, than by its loudness. I did not come here to shout at the top of my voice. My friends, do we realize for what purpose we are convened? Do we fully understand that we aim at nothing less than an entire subversion of the present order of society, a dissolution of the whole existing social compact? Do we see that it is not an error of to-day nor of yesterday against which we are lifting up the voice of dissent; but it is against hoary headed error of all times—error burne onward from the first footprints of the first pair ejected from paradise, intermingled in every aspect of civilization, down to our own times. In view of this, it does seem to me that we should each and all feel as if animated, sanctified, set apart, as to a great mission. It seems to me that we who struggle to restore the divine woman to the world, should feel all hearts, who will reject any sacrifice other than a pure offering. We are said to be a few disaffected embittered women, met for the purpose of giving vent to petty personal spleen and domestic discontent. We repel the charge, and I call upon every woman here to repel the charge. If we have personal wrongs, here is not the place for redress. If we have private grief, and what human breast... in a large sense, it is to come here to... the grave will lay its cold horrors over the hearts of all here present, before the good we ask for our kind will be conceded to her. We shall pass onward to other spheres of existence, but we trust the seed we shall here plant will spring to a glorious harvest. We "see the end from the beginning," and rejoice in spirit. We care not that we shall not reap the fruits of our toil, for we know, in times to come, it will be seen to be a good work. Bitterness be the child of wrong. If any one of our number has become embittered (which God forbid), it is because social wrong has been so penetrated to the inner life, that we are crucified thereby, and take the gall and vinegar of the Divine Master. All suffer their stand against false institutions, are, in some sense, embittered. The conviction of wrong has wrought mightily in them. Their large hearts look in the whole sense of human woe, and bleed for those who had become brutalized by its weight. They spoke as never man spoke in his own individualism, but as the embodied soul will speak when the full time shall come. Thus Huss, and Wickliff, and Luther spoke, and the men of '76. No woman has come here to talk over her private griefs, and detail the small coin of personal anecdote; and yet she did women speak of the wrongs which unjust legislation—the wrongs which corrupt public opinion, the wrongs which false social aspects have fastened upon us—wrongs which she bides within smiles, and conceals with womanly endurance—did she give voice to all this, her smiles would seem so hollow, and her endurance so divine, that her brow would be encircled with the halo of a saint. But we have not left our firesides for any purpose inconsistent with its sanctities. Were we ambitious, we should seek a field less obnoxious to public opinion. Did we desire notoriety, as is so often said of us in a bad sense, this is not the field in which to win it, for here the eve is lost in the morning. No, it is only a deep, holy sense of good, to be done for our kind, that has brought us away from the sanctities of home, that we may say what our pulpits dare not utter. God's truth although it is a day of the lowly, for we are that, but a handful, it is true, to resist the combined forces of prejudiced oppression, and we know that every one of our number dreads the contest, let him or her go can from it amongst us now, for we that remain are prepared to stand fast at Thermopylæ and die, if need be. Let this Syracuse, already known as the watchword of freedom, be our Thermopylæ, and here let us enter our solemn protest, and prepare to violate the home. Let us protest against law in which we have no voice, or against legislation in which we are not represented, against a democracy in which half of the people are denied the right of citizenship. I call upon every woman present to enter her solemn protest against a country claiming to be free, and yet denying to her the rights of a citizen. Men gravely tell us we are unfit for the positions to which we aspire. They say we are unfit for legislators, and therefore we must not vote, while the squalid emigrant, who can neither read nor write, is admitted to a privilege denied to the American matron. Because women cannot all of them do that which they undertake, all of them do that which men do not, the wisest of men are capable of doing, must we therefore be kept back? Because we have not the heads of gladiators and pugilists, must we be denied the use of what little brains we do happen to possess? This reminds me of an anecdote of a poor Scotch woman, who was telling about the rising in the North for Prince Charles, in which a certain Highland laird lost his head. "To be sure," she added, "it was nae much of a head, but yet ken it was all the world to the puir man." I trust this will not be a mere talking convention. We have talked and have appealed long enough; we have talked long enough. For years have women been in the work, and have encountered nothing but contempt and odium. We are stronger now. I have been to the North and the West, and found the cause making progress. Again, I say, let us have done with so much talk, and learn to respond, if they know what to do. Again, I say, let us take our rights. It was a great point gained in our humanity, when woman felt herself able to speak of all we know. Let us take one of the miracles of Jesus, that which he rebuked the dumb devil, is the one for us to imitate. All the words. The lesson is brief, pithy, and home to the purpose. Your great talkers are poor actors; they find vent in their own eloquence, and let occasion slip by. I hope this convention will be an acting convention. Let us organize State associations, let us send delegates to a Congress, if you will; let us frame petitions claiming our rights from our State legislatures; above all, let us begin ourselves